

The Ypsilantian

EIGHTH YEAR.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1887.

NUMBER 379.

A. A. GRAVES,

THE GROCER, NO. 5 CONGRESS ST.

(Seventh year in the trade.)

SPECIAL! SPECIAL!

My store has been remodeled and improved in every particular, and I propose to keep the neatest and cleanest grocery in the city. I have found that people like to patronize a store that is kept neat and clean, and where they can get first class goods. The neater you keep a store, the better the ladies like to trade with you.

Neatness, cleanliness and first class goods should always go together.

Please call and see the new improvements and convince yourselves that I mean business.

A. A. Graves, the Grocer,

NO. 5 CONGRESS STREET.

BUY YOUR GROCERIES

—FROM THE—

Union Block Grocery!

ENTIRE STOCK NEW AND FRESH.

Prices and Quality of Goods not surpassed by any house in the city.

Give the New Firm a Trial.

O. A. AINSWORTH & COMPANY.

The attention of farmers and others is called to our stock of

Field Seeds!

which we sell at lowest market prices for best quality goods. We have always in stock in their season:

MEDIUM CLOVER. MAMMOTH CLOVER. ALSIKE CLOVER. ALFALFA CLOVER. ORCHARD GRASS. TIMOTHY SEED. WHITE CANADA PEAS. BLUE PEAS. ENSILAGE CORN. COMMON CORN THAT WILL GROW. SEED BEANS; ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF SHELLLED CORN. OATS. MILL STUFFS AND GROUND FEED.

Special prices in ton lots. Best brands of Flour, Graham Meals, etc.

EARLY SWEDISH OATS.

We sell the best Cabinet Creamery made, and would be pleased to show you our goods and prices.

Hay and Straw in bales or by the ton. Goods delivered free in city.

O. A. AINSWORTH & COMPANY.

NEW SPRING STYLES!

During the last two weeks we have given away rubbers with our shoes to reduce stock and make room for our

SPRING GOODS.

We are now ready with the largest assortment of LADIES' AND GENTS'

SHOES for spring wear that we have ever shown.

GOODSPEED & SONS.

No. 8 Congress Street.

C. KING. (Established 1840.) **C. E. KING.**

C. KING & SON.

Fine Table Luxuries and Staple Groceries a Specialty.

Dealers in Field and Garden Seeds, Calcined Plasters, Water Lime and Plastering Hair.

CATCH ON!

—AND—

Join the procession to

J. H. SAMPSON'S STORE.

Where you will find the QUICK MEAL VAPOR STOVE, PARIS RANGE STOVES, ACORN COOK STOVES, FENCE WIRE, Builder's Supplies, Farming Tools, etc. All kinds of Tin and Copper work done at short notice. J. H. SAMPSON, No. 17 Huron Street.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

Latest Returns from the Spring Elections.

Republican State Ticket Elected by Increased Majorities.

Small Majority Against the Prohibition Amendment.

A Waterloo for the Democratic Judicial Candidate in this Circuit.

YPSILANTI REJECTS BOTH WHISKY AND WATER.

Chicago and Cincinnati Republican and Socialism Throttled.

Republican-Democrat Fusion Downs the Socialists in Milwaukee.

Woman Suffrage Voted Down in Rhode Island.

The Day in Ypsilanti.

The contest here was earnest, but entirely quite and orderly, and reasonably good-natured. The prohibition amendment excited most interest, though there was no lack of attention to the city and ward tickets, the Circuit Judgeship, and the water works proposition. The supporters of the latter, however, made no particular effort, having known long before that it would be overwhelmingly defeated. Ladies visited the most of the polls in the city, in the interest of the amendment, and were everywhere well treated; and at the third ward poll little girls stood nearly all of the forenoon offering "Yes" ballots, and cards with "Please vote for the amendment" upon them. The result of the vote in this city upon that proposition satisfies the expectations of its friends.

The vote was very full—1190 on May, against 1025 last spring, and 1248 last fall. As compared with the vote for Governor last fall, the vote on the state ticket shows a falling off of 32 republican, 67 democratic, and 7 prohibition votes, with 6 greenback-labor against none last year. The reelection of Mr. Cornwell for Mayor by an increased majority, attests his popularity. The new Council will stand nine democrats to one republican. One of the hold-over democrats was elected by the aid of the prohibitionists, and one of the democrats elected this year was nominated and endorsed by the republican caucus in a republican ward. Three of the five wards, however, gave republican majorities on state ticket of from 21 to 53.

The Details.

Four regular state tickets were in the field, as follows:

REPUBLICAN. DEMOCRATIC.
Supreme Judges. Levi T. Griffin, Chas. H. Camp.

8 yrs. Jas. V. Campbell. Charles H. Camp.

10 yrs. Charles L. Long. Charles H. Camp.

Regents of the University. Christian Vanderveen.

Roger W. Butterfield. Rufus S. Sprague.

Circuit Judge. Edward D. Kline. George M. Landon.

PROHIBITION. GREENBACK.

Supreme Judges. John C. Atkinson.

10 yrs. N. W. Cheever. Lemuel Clute.

Regents of the University. David Preston. Wm. H. Miller.

Amberly C. Cheever. Wm. G. Baumgardner.

Circuit Judge. Wm. H. Taalott.

The regular city tickets were three, as follows:

REPUBLICAN. DEMOCRATIC.
For Mayor. Clark Cornwell. M. C. Clark. Chas. Fleming.

Supervisor—1st Dist. Lee Yost.

Ed. M. Spencer. L. Sanford.

Constable, 1st District. J. H. Martin.

Supervisor—2nd District. G. H. Jackson.

Constable, 2d District. C. McCormick.

Supervisor—3d District. D. W. C. Matthews.

Constable, 2d District. Stephen Hutchinson.

Aldermen. Jas. B. Forsyth.

1. —Alono Goldsmith. L. Chamberlin.

2. W. D. Roy. W. W. Worden.

3. A. A. Graves. Bernard McGehee.

4. J. Howland. Geo. A. Neal.

5. W. Phillips. J. D. Peirce.

Wm. H. Hinckley.

The vote in detail was as follows:

THE CITY MAYOR.

Cornwall. Curtis. Fleming.

1st Ward. 105 105 105

2d Ward. 72 73 58

3d Ward. 98 72 80

4th Ward. 111 44 32

5th Ward. 114 101 45

City. 501 368 320

Plurality. 133 136 320

SUPERVISORS. CONSTABLES.

Yost. San. Mar. Jack. Bur-

ton. son. lett.

1st Ward. 147 103 130 59 99

2d Ward. 93 75 38 102 64 38

3d Ward. 121 89 42 110 53 59

4th Ward. 261 267 116 342 206 198

Pluralities. 94 136 136

ALDERMEN.

McGorin. Mat-
thews. Hutch-
inson. For-
syth.

4th Ward. 173 15 167 3 21

5th Ward. 219 41 212 37

2d District. 392 58 379 54

Majorities. 334 325

AMENDMENTS.

Water Works. Probation.

Yes. No. Yes. No.

1st Ward. 102 150 105 105

2d Ward. 45 125 129 57

3d Ward. 41 160 155 80

4th Ward. 67 101 65 123

5th Ward. 22 205 83 166

City. 216 783 591 534

Majorities. 567 567 57 57

JUDICIAL DISTRICTS.

Salaries. Judicial Dis-

trict. Yes. No.

1st Ward. 57 64 3 28

2d Ward. 102 26 15 17

3d Ward. 38 17 33 11

4th Ward. 45 85 35 40

5th Ward. 30 79 15 40

City. 272 251 107 111

Majorities. 21 21

STATE TICKET.

Wards. City.

1st. 104 105 480

2d. 100 70 106 480

3d. 106 104 159 521

4th. 101 1 1 2 6

5th. 103 1 1 2 6

6th. 100 1 1 2 6

7th. 100 1 1 2 6

8th. 100 1 1 2 6

9th. 100 1 1 2 6

10th. 100 1 1 2 6

11th. 100 1 1 2 6

12th. 100 1 1 2 6

13th. 100 1 1 2 6

14th. 100 1 1 2 6

15th. 100 1 1 2 6

16th. 100 1 1 2 6

17th. 100 1 1 2 6

18th. 100 1 1 2 6

19th. 100 1 1 2 6

20th. 100 1 1 2 6

21st. 100 1 1 2 6

22nd. 100 1 1 2 6

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, MICH.

THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1887.

Benton's Departure from Congress.

The close of the session reminds me of the last night of the Thirty-third Congress in the House of Representatives. The Senate sent over 145 amendments to the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill, and it was 8 o'clock in the morning before they were disposed of by a committee of conference. Mr. Pratt then asked whether it would be in order to have the restaurant servants bring in breakfast. "Let me amend the question," said Mike Walsh, "by having cocktails and whisky punches introduced also." A conversational debate followed, during which some very clever things were said, and at last the Sergeant-at-Arms reported a quorum present. Several bills were then passed under a suspension of the rules, and during the taking of the yeas and nays the clerk called Mr. Benton's name, when that gentleman appeared at the door of the main aisle and protested, with violent gesticulation, against his name being called. He said he was an ex-member, and that the session that day was a libel on the Sabbath. Some confusion followed this episode, when the Speaker pro tem., Mr. Orr, told the gentleman that he was out of order. "I am not a member, sir," groaned Mr. Benton. "Then," promptly retorted Mr. Orr, "if the gentleman is not a member, the doorkeeper will put him out." Mr. Benton did not say another word, but taking the package in which he had tied up the contents of his desk, he left the House, thus, on March 4, 1855, closing a Congressional career that he had commenced in the Senate on August 10, 1821.—*Ben: Perleg Poore.*

Miss Braddock's Great Income.

In an article on "The Profits of Novel-Writing," in *The Cosmopolitan*, William Westall, the English novelist, says:

"It will thus be seen that novel-writing nowadays is a precarious and not very profitable calling. A very fair price, as things go, is \$2,000 for the serial rights of a full-length story, and assuming that the author makes \$400 by the three-volume edition and as much more by a cheap edition, his total profit would amount to \$2,800, not a great deal, considering the labor and the time that the writing of a novel involves. It should also be borne in mind that unless a man strikes oil at the first venture he may have to pay away for years before his reputation justifies him in asking three or four hundred pounds for the serial right, or a third of the smaller sum for the other rights. He may, indeed, never obtain anything like these prices; and after one or two attempts, retire discomfited from the field."

On the other hand, there are undoubtedly prizes, and if a writer reaches the top of the tree and is as prolific as Miss Braddon, he can make, if not a great fortune, at any rate a handsome income, by his pen. Miss Braddon, I should think, makes more money by fiction than any other writer of the day. Her fidelity is prodigious. She obtains high prices for her serial rights. She has kept her copyrights in her own hands, and her books are always selling. Novels that she wrote twenty and more years ago are still bringing grist to her mill, and if she were to stop writing to-morrow her two shilling novels would continue to yield her a revenue for as many years to come."

I believe Miss Braddon gets about \$5,000 for the serial rights of a new story, and as she writes something like two a year, or at any rate three in two years, her takings from this source alone must be considerable. There may be two or three other writers who command as high a price, but none who is equally popular and prolific. Whether her works will live is another question. I am speaking of the present.

Bostonese Imagination.

In one of the pleasantest and most progressive of our northern suburbs there is a public-school teacher who believes in talking to her pupils as if they were friends in her own parlor and carrying their intelligence along with hers, instead of attempting to drum an education into their heads by the usual mechanical process. She endeavors to teach them to think rather than memorize, and produces excellent results.

On one occasion the teacher was seeking to call up "mental pictures" in the children's minds, and had asked the whole to imagine a lion creeping along in sight. She had suggested the appearance of the animal very cleverly, and described him as he crept along on his cushioned feet, his claws hidden in the soft masses of the paws. Why could he not be heard as he walked along?

"I know why you can't hear him," said a small boy.

"Why is it, then?"

"Well, there are two reasons. The first reason is that the lion has cushions on his feet, and the second is that there is not any lion here!"

The business of calling up "mental pictures" was put to rout for the day.—*Boston Transcript.*

They Had Big Feet.

Tennessee troops were the butt of much joking among Union soldiers during the war on the ground that they never shut a door and had feet that would astonish a Chicago girl. The neglect to shut the doors was explained by Tennesseans on the ground that their climate was so salubrious that they had no need of doors except as luxuries. But they never quite got over the story a Yankee prisoner told at Belle Isle about their big feet. "It was at Petersburg," was the prisoner's story, "that our brigade met a Tennessee regiment and poured hot shot into them for an hour. We knew we were doing terrible execution, because we could see their guns dropping out of their hands. But somehow none of them dropped over. Presently we charged, and when we came up to their line we found that what remained of it were dead men. We had to knock them over with the butts of our muskets because their big feet wouldn't let them fall down."—*New York Tribune.*

"CRUSH THE DEAD LEAVES."

"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet," Gaze not on them with mournful sigh; Think not earth has no glory left Because a few of its frail things die; Spring-time will bring fresh verdure as sweet— "Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."

Murmur not if the shadows fall Thick and dark on thy earthly way; Hearts there are which must walk in shade.

Till they reach the light of eternal day. Life is not long, and the years are fleet— "Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."

[Mrs. Harry Don.]

PETERKIN.

"Be you actilly cryin', Jemimy?" queried "Squire Eulon, as he came into the tidy, cheery kitchen which was the pride of Jemimy Eulon's heart.

"Yes, I be," Azarier, snapped the wife of his bosom, as she frizzed the dried beef and then turned from the jar "some o' them plums Azarier relished so much."

"The Square" was cold, "he'd been travelin' all the afternoon," from the store to his farm.

"The critters," two sleek, slow-going oxen, "allus took their own time" in travelin', and the Squire invariably made a day of it when he was "obleeged ter go ter the store."

The Squire had "tended" to the "dumb creatures," brought in his sack of groceries, ("the Square" was "counted a good provider"), and set it on the water bench, before he discovered the big tears droppin' from Jemimy's eyes.

Jemimy rarely wept. Such an event had not happened in the Eulon family for many months.

Jemimy was a master hand to hold in her temper and bad feelings," was something Azarier liked to tell repeatedly to less fortunate Benedictines, whose wives were all "narves an' sort o' hysterick."

Azarier lifted a stove-lid, to warm his chilled hands. Jemimy wasn't angry with him, as the supper she had prepared was excellent, and composed of his favorite dishes.

"There, there, don't cry," soothed Azarier, when suddenly he discovered an empty bird cage upon the floor.

"Has that thief—of a cat—"

"No, she hain't Azarier. It's a gal, an' a pretty sweet one, I allus thought, that took Peterkin away. You see, Azarier, I've allus set great store by Mellie Abbott, our neighbor's daughter, an' I, for one, have allus held up for her goin' to boardin'-school, an' learnin' music, an' all sorts o' nice things. I don't think with the wimmen around here, that diggin' an' scrappin' is all o' life. I've allus begged Mellie's ma to keep goin' on, no matter what 'twas costin' an' some day Mellie'll pay back.

"Azarier, you know I allus loved Mellie, an' 'ticed her to visit me, but I never kin look at her agin without shudderin', arter this," and Jemima overflowed again. Then she went on falteringly:

"You know, husband—Mellie—has allus—admired—our Peterkin—an' said 'twas so—queer—the way—he must—be a furrin'—bird—his plumage—was so bright."

"Bime-by she—made offers—to buy him—an' this afternoon—she offered me—ten dollars—an' I took it—knowin' you was clus run—about the taxes. The poor leetle fellow—seemed to know I'd—turn agin him—an' when I took him—out o' his cage—he lay—jest as still while I—tied his feet—an' wrapped—him up—for Mellie."

"I felt mizzable—but when she said just as she was a goin'—she hoped to have him—by next—Sunday—on her—new hat—that to-night—sh'd chloroform him—it wouldn't—ke long—to do it"—Ohi Azarier, what he said, "and this will interest you; this was taken on the Halabama." I saw at once that my opportunity had come, and clasping his arm, I said, "Where did you come from, my man?" "From Halferton, in Derbyshire, sir," he said. So I was baffled again.—*St. James Gazette.*

"CRUSH THE DEAD LEAVES."

went out to the currant bushes; there'd been a beatin' rain that night, and jest at my feet lay something' green an' gold an' blue a glittin'. Pickin' it up, I saw 'twas a bird not quite dead, and a stranger in these parts. Jemimy warmed it to life, an' it chanced to be the sweetest singer I ever heard. Jemimy picked berries an' sold 'em to buy a cage, an' home wouldn't be home without Peterkin. He allus had such tender, lovin' ways, nestlin' up to a feller's neck, an' tryin' ter tell you how he loved you. An' Jemimy sot as much by him as he lived. Only the desire to save me, wrackin' my old bones with extra work, to git our tax money, made her think of sellin' the bird, an' when you spoke o' slayin' him, she just went into fits o' cryin', an' then thinks I, mabe by walkin' fast, I kin get him off.

"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."

Look not back with despairing heart, Think not life's morning has been in vain;

Rich, broad fields lie before thee yet Ready to yield their golden grain.

Autumn may bring the fruitage sweet—

"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."

Murmur not if the shadows fall Thick and dark on thy earthly way;

Hearts there are which must walk in shade.

Till they reach the light of eternal day.

Life is not long, and the years are fleet—

"Crush the dead leaves under thy feet."

THE YOUNG FOLKS.

The Child and the Snowflake.

One day as she stood at the window, watching the busy street, and wondering why she alone of all children was crippled and thin and weak, a snowflake came sailing down through the December sky, paused a moment at the window and then crept in at a broken pane and rested on her wasted hand. The child smiled and was glad, and said:

"Did you pity me, that you came to see me?"

"I have only pity for the poor and helpless," replied the snowflake.

"Where are your companions?"

"They will be here. I had a race with them and I reached earth first."

"It was so good of you to come in and see me," whispered the child. "Do you know that I am lame and ill, and that no one loves me? All the sunshine and the happiness seem for others—all the suffering and the shadows for me. I wish I had been a snowflake. It must be so jolly to go roving about as—"

The snowflake had disappeared, and in its place was a tiny drop of water. The child was grieved, and she wept that her poor ray of sunshine had been dimmed almost as it reached her. But other flakes came and danced before the window and made merry and called to her:

"Come and be merry with us! A child should not weep and grieve."

"But I have no friends!" she answered.

"Then the snowflakes will be your friends. Almost every day we will come to talk with you."

"Do you know of heaven?" whispered the child as she dried her tears. "It is a long, long way off," was the reply.

"Would they let a crippled girl like me in there?"

"As sure as you reach the gates of pearl. Heaven is for such as you."

"When may I go? Earth has only misery for me."

"When the time is come we will whisper at your window. The night is coming on and we must go. Be of good cheer for we will surely come again."

And the days went on and on, and the nights came and went, and the child grieved and wept because the snowflakes did not come to tell her. Millions of them floated in the air, and the wind drove them in millions up and down the streets, but never a one came to the broken pane. One day, when the child's great blue eyes had scarcely been free from tears—when her heart ached as never before—then there was a fierce struggle to cast off the emaciated, deformed body as one might throw away an old garment—on this day as the bleak winter afternoon was fading to dusk, there was a tapping at the window-pane. The child heard the sounds with beating heart, and as she dragged herself to the window she cried out in exultation:

"Oh, it is the snowflakes come again! You are here to tell me of heaven!"

"Yes," they whispered.

"And God will take me?"

"He has sent for you!"

"Wait—wait! I will go with you!"

But the snowflakes whispered: "Child, you must sleep first. Heaven is a long way off. We will awaken you when it is time."

The child lay down on her bed of rags and slept. At midnight the snowflakes crept in and rested on her hair—on her ragged gown—on her thin hands, and some of the boldest touched her face.

"Come! It is time!" they whispered.

She did not move.

"Child, we are here to guide you on your path to heaven!" they called.

There was no answer, but a bright star suddenly threw his light at the window and over the bed of rags, and the snowflakes gathered together and whispered:

"She is dead! while we lingered with the winds an angel has come and borne her away!"—*Detroit Press.*

The child lay down on her bed of rags and slept. At midnight the snowflakes crept in and rested on her hair—on her ragged gown—on her thin hands, and some of the boldest touched her face.

"Come! It is time!" they whispered.

She did not move.

"Child, we are here to guide you on your path to heaven!" they called.

There was no answer, but a bright star suddenly threw his light at the window and over the bed of rags, and the snowflakes gathered together and whispered:

"She is dead! while we lingered with the winds an angel has come and borne her away!"—*Detroit Press.*

The child lay down on her bed of rags and slept. At midnight the snowflakes crept in and rested on her hair—on her ragged gown—on her thin hands, and some of the boldest touched her face.

"Come! It is time!" they whispered.

She did not move.

"Child, we are here to guide you on your path to heaven!" they called.

There was no answer, but a bright star suddenly threw his light at the window and over the bed of rags, and the snowflakes gathered together and whispered:

"She is dead! while we lingered with the winds an angel has come and borne her away!"—*Detroit Press.*

The child lay down on her bed of rags and slept. At midnight the snowflakes crept in and rested on her hair—on her ragged gown—on her thin hands, and some of the boldest touched her face.

"Come! It is time!" they whispered.

She did not move.

"Child, we are here to guide you on your path to heaven!" they called.

There was no answer, but a bright star suddenly threw his light at the window and over the bed of rags, and the snowflakes gathered together and whispered:

"She is dead! while we lingered with the winds an angel has come and borne her away!"—*Detroit Press.*

The child lay down on her bed of rags and slept. At midnight the snowflakes crept in and rested on her hair—on her ragged gown—on her thin hands, and some of the boldest touched her face.

"Come! It is time!" they whispered.

She did not move.

"Child, we are here to guide you on your path to heaven!" they called.

There was no answer, but a bright star suddenly threw his light at the window and over the bed of rags, and the snowflakes gathered together and whispered:

"She is dead! while we lingered with the winds an angel has come and borne her away!"—*Detroit Press.*

The child lay down on her bed of rags and slept. At midnight the snowflakes crept in and rested on her hair—on her ragged gown—on her thin hands, and some of the boldest touched her face.

"Come! It is time!" they whispered.

She did not move.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Ark of Safety.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, delivered the following, recently, in Des Moines, Ia., taking for his text—"Come thou and all thy house into the ark."—[Genesis, viii, 1.]

We do not need the Bible to prove the Deluge. The geologist's hammer announces it. See shells and marine formations on the top of some of the highest mountains of the earth prove that at some time the waters washed over the top of the Alps and the Andes. In what way the catastrophe came, we know not—whether by the stroke of a comet, or by flashes of lightning changing the air into water, or by a stroke of the hand of God, like the stroke of the axe between the horns of the ox, the earth staggered.

If the ark of Christ is so grand a place in which to live, and die, and triumph, come into the ark. Know well that the door that shut Noah in shut the world out; and, though, when the pitiless storm came peiting on their heads, they beat upon the door, saying, "Let me in!" the door did not open. For 120 years they were invited.

It is not long since we spoke of the benefits conferred on the farmer by the inventor. The following statement is a good illustration of our views as then presented. It is taken from our contemporary, the *New England Farmer*. "By the use of mowing machines and horse rakes and a horse hay fork, two boys in Connecticut last summer cut, raked, and helped to stow away 100 tons of hay, while their father was disabled from work by illness. Under such conditions a farmer is apt to feel like blessing the man who invents labor saving machinery.—*Scientific American*.

SUCCESSFUL HATCHING OF SALMON IN AUSTRALIA.

Men now put off going into the ark. They say they will wait twenty years first. They will have a little longer time with their worldly associates. They will wait until they get older.

I have no doubt that derision kept many people out of the ark. The world laughed to see a man go in, and said:

"Here is a man starting for the ark. Why there will be no deluge. If there is one, that miserable ship will not weather it. What's going into the ark! Well, that is too good to keep. Here, fellows, you have heard the news? This man is going into the ark."

Under this air of scorn the good man's resolutions perished.

And so there are hundreds kept out by the fear of derision.

It is not the fear of being laughed at that keeps you out of the kingdom of God? Which of these scorners will help you at the last? When you lie down on a dying pillow which of them will be there? In the day of eternity will they bail you out?

My friends and neighbors, come in right away. Come in through Christ the wide door—the door that swings out toward you. Come in and be saved. Come in and be happy.

But do not come alone. The text invites you to bring your family.

Come thou and all thy house.

That means your wife and your children. You cannot drive them in. If Noah had tried to drive the pigeons and the doves into the ark he would only have scattered them. Some parents are not wise about these things. They make iron rules about Sabbaths, and they force the catechism down the throat as they would hold the child's nose and force down a dose of rhubarb and calomel. You can't drive your children into the ark. You can draw your children to Christ, but you can't coerce them. The cross was lifted not to drive, but to draw.

Be sure that you bring your husband and wife with you. How would Noah have felt if, when he heard the rain patterning on the roof of the ark, he knew that his wife was outside in the storm? No, she went with him. And yet some of you are on the ship "outward bound" for heaven, but your companion is unsheltered. You remember the day when the marriage ring was set. Nothing has yet been able to break it. Sickness came, and the finger shrank, but the ring staid on. The twain stood alone above a child's grave, and the dark mouth of the tomb swallowed up a thousand hopes; but the ring dropped not into the open grave. Days of poverty came, and the hand did many a hard day's work; but the rubbing of the hand against the ring only made it shine brighter.

Come in, and bring your wife or your husband with you—not by fretting about religion, or ding-donging them about religion, but by a consistent life and by compelling prayer that shall bring the throne of God down into your bedroom. Go home to-night, lock the door of your room, take up the Bible and read it together, and then kneel down and commend your souls to Him who has watched you all these years and before you rise there will be a fluttering of wing, over your head, angel crying to angel:

"Behold, they pray!"

"But this does not include all your family. Bring the children too. God bless the dear children! What would our homes be without them? We may have done much for them. They have done more for us. What a salve for a wounded heart there is in the soft palm of a child's hand! Did harm or trouble ever have such music as there is in child's "good night?" From our coarse, rough life, the angels of God are often driven back, but who comes into the nursery without feeling that angels are hovering around? They who die in infancy go into glory, but you are expecting your children to grow up in this world. Is it not a question, then, that rings through all the corridors, and windings, and heights and depths of your soul, what is to become of your sons and daughters for time and for eternity?

How to get them in? Go in yourself. If Noah had said, "I out do you not suppose that his sons, Ham, and Japheth, would have staid out? Your sons and daughters will be apt to do just as you do. Reject Christ yourself and the probability is that your children will reject him."

Mr. Jacob Froehlich, a well-known tailor of Cincinnati, O., after suffering for years with rheumatism, was cured in a short time by the use of St. Jacobs Oil.

Lord Lonsdale's ancestral collections of pictures and porcelain will be sold in June.

Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus W. Field have gone to Bermuda.

Pond's Extract, for forty years recognized as the great remedy, destroys Pains, Aches, Soreness. *Insist on the genuine; take no counterfeit if offered.*

Senator Spooner and wife are to sail for Europe, in May.

Its thousands of cures are the best advertisement for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Mrs. Beecher has gone to Florida with her daughter, Mrs. Scoville.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A Florida mother named her two children Jefferson Davis and Abraham Lincoln.

Mrs. C. Kellogg, Edgewood, Cal., says: Red Star Cough Cure is the best medicine she has ever used for colds, for the children.

Pere Hyacinthe is one of the regular preachers at the American Episcopal church in Paris.

Ladies! Those dull tired looks and feelings speak volumes! Dr. Kilmer's FEMALE REMEDY corrects all conditions, restores vigor and vitality and brings back youthful bloom and beauty.

Price \$1.00—6 bottles \$5.00.

The stockmen in Montana report the worst winter known in eighteen years. They report losses of cattle from 50 to 75 per cent. The cattle are driven into the valleys and there starve to death.

The lamb that is in the midst of the throne will lead him to living fountains of water, and God will wipe away all tears from his eyes.

He may have hard work to get a house; but in my fathers house are many mansions, and rent day never comes. Here there are deathbeds, and coffins and graves; there, no sickness, no weary watching, no choking cough, no consuming fever, no chattering chill, no toiling bell, no grave. The sorrows of life shall come up and knock at the door, but no ad-

SCIENTIFIC.

It appears, after an experiment of several months, that ferry boats plying between San Francisco and Oakland, which had been fitted up for burning petroleum, have now gone back to coal. The economy, as we understand, so far as the consumption of fuel is concerned, is said to be decidedly in favor of petroleum; but the trouble in its use came from the intense heat produced, by which, or by the peculiar nature of the combustion, the iron of both the furnaces and boilers began to indicate rapid deterioration—hence the return to coal.

It is not long since we spoke of the benefits conferred on the farmer by the inventor. The following statement is a good illustration of our views as then presented. It is taken from our contemporary, the *New England Farmer*.

"By the use of mowing machines and horse rakes and a horse hay fork, two boys in Connecticut last summer cut, raked, and helped to stow away 100 tons of hay, while their father was disabled from work by illness. Under such conditions a farmer is apt to feel like blessing the man who invents labor saving machinery.—*Scientific American*.

SUCCESSFUL HATCHING OF SALMON IN AUSTRALIA.

According to the *Colonies and India*, the last experiment in sending salmon ova to the Antipodes appears to have been a great success. In January, 1855, a shipment of eggs was made by Mr. James Youl, by desire of the Tasmanian Government, and the bulk of the eggs reached the colony in good condition, development of the embryo having been suspended by means of Haslam's refrigerating machinery. The eggs have developed into "fry," and the "fry" into "smolts," for several young salmon about 8 inches long have been captured accidentally in the Tasmanian Mersey.

BRIGHT YELLOW GLOVES are promised for the young men of fashion this spring.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

There are 10,000 women in Cincinnati who earn their own living.

Without Parallel for Pains of all kinds, Hemorrhages, and Inflammations—*Pond's Extract*. Aroid Druggists' Old Song; "Just as good"—for Inflammations.

There are 490,000 unmarried women and 380,000 unmarried men in Paris.

A TRUE STORY.

The cartridges have been found most valuable for work in many kinds of stone, including granite, Portland stone, sandstone, etc., as well as marble or stone or brickwork.

A block of granite weighing about four tons, and embedded on two sides and at the bottom in strong cement, was recently moved easily by two shots.

In experiments for the Admiralty at Portland, three shots of lime cartridges got thirty tons of stone in large merchantable pieces. The cartridges were used with great success for upward of twelve months in the formation of the Copenhagen Tunnel, North London, and they are now in use for removing the sandstone in the excavations of the Mersey Tunnel Railway Company, at Liverpool.

NEW RUSSIAN CANAL.

The Russian Government has contracted a loan of 25,000,000 rubles with the firm of Herson & Co., Paris, for the construction of the Perekop Canal in Southern Russia. M. Louis Caisson, a French engineer of Suez Canal fame, is to be the chief engineer. The canal will establish a direct communication between the River Don, the Black Sea, and the Sea of Azov, and will also be the medium of connecting several South Russian railway lines. It will be of considerable strategic importance, but its commercial significance will be still greater, as it will enable coal to be brought from the rich mines in the vicinity of the River Don to the Black Sea, where their selling price will be lower than that of English coals, which, at present, are only kind used at Constantinople and the Black Sea ports.

WANTED—AN INVENTOR.

The pita plant of Honduras invites the enterprise of American capital and Yankee invention. Only one thing is needed and the lucky man's fortune is made. Mr. Burchard, our consul, reports that this plant, which has never been cultivated, grows spontaneously and in apparently inexhaustible quantities by the margin of every river and lagoon, and, indeed, anywhere below the altitude of two thousand feet. It can be had for the cost of cutting. The fiber is susceptible of a thousand uses. The people of Honduras convert it into thread for sewing boots and shoes, and into nets, fish lines, and cordage. The finest hammocks and most costly are also made of it. The small quantities which have been sent to this market have been manufactured into handkerchiefs, laces, ribbons, false hair, and wigs. The difficulty is to decorate the plant without rotting or injuring the fiber. The man who can do that will be able to take Fortune at the flood. E. G. STRATTON, Swansboro, Mass.

TONES AND STRENGTHS.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best spring medicine for everybody. It purifies the blood. It sharpens the appetite. It tones the digestion. It overcomes debility. It builds up the weak system. Try it this spring.

"Last Spring I had a bad cold with boils caused by my blood being out of order. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me, and I recommend it to others." J. SCHON, Peoria, Ill.

HODD'S SARASPARILLA

For the best spring medicine for everybody. It purifies the blood. It sharpens the appetite. It tones the digestion. It overcomes debility. It builds up the weak system. Try it this spring.

"Last Spring I had a bad cold with boils caused by my blood being out of order. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me, and I recommend it to others." J. SCHON, Peoria, Ill.

WANTED—AN INVENTOR.

The pita plant of Honduras invites the enterprise of American capital and Yankee invention. Only one thing is needed and the lucky man's fortune is made. Mr. Burchard, our consul, reports that this plant, which has never been cultivated, grows spontaneously and in apparently inexhaustible quantities by the margin of every river and lagoon, and, indeed, anywhere below the altitude of two thousand feet. It can be had for the cost of cutting. The fiber is susceptible of a thousand uses. The people of Honduras convert it into thread for sewing boots and shoes, and into nets, fish lines, and cordage. The finest hammocks and most costly are also made of it. The small quantities which have been sent to this market have been manufactured into handkerchiefs, laces, ribbons, false hair, and wigs. The difficulty is to decorate the plant without rotting or injuring the fiber. The man who can do that will be able to take Fortune at the flood. E. G. STRATTON, Swansboro, Mass.

HOOD'S SARASPARILLA

Is the best spring medicine for everybody. It purifies the blood. It sharpens the appetite. It tones the digestion. It overcomes debility. It builds up the weak system. Try it this spring.

"Last Spring I had a bad cold with boils caused by my blood being out of order. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me, and I recommend it to others." J. SCHON, Peoria, Ill.

WANTED—AN INVENTOR.

The pita plant of Honduras invites the enterprise of American capital and Yankee invention. Only one thing is needed and the lucky man's fortune is made. Mr. Burchard, our consul, reports that this plant, which has never been cultivated, grows spontaneously and in apparently inexhaustible quantities by the margin of every river and lagoon, and, indeed, anywhere below the altitude of two thousand feet. It can be had for the cost of cutting. The fiber is susceptible of a thousand uses. The people of Honduras convert it into thread for sewing boots and shoes, and into nets, fish lines, and cordage. The finest hammocks and most costly are also made of it. The small quantities which have been sent to this market have been manufactured into handkerchiefs, laces, ribbons, false hair, and wigs. The difficulty is to decorate the plant without rotting or injuring the fiber. The man who can do that will be able to take Fortune at the flood. E. G. STRATTON, Swansboro, Mass.

HOOD'S SARASPARILLA

Is the best spring medicine for everybody. It purifies the blood. It sharpens the appetite. It tones the digestion. It overcomes debility. It builds up the weak system. Try it this spring.

"Last Spring I had a bad cold with boils caused by my blood being out of order. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me, and I recommend it to others." J. SCHON, Peoria, Ill.

WANTED—AN INVENTOR.

The pita plant of Honduras invites the enterprise of American capital and Yankee invention. Only one thing is needed and the lucky man's fortune is made. Mr. Burchard, our consul, reports that this plant, which has never been cultivated, grows spontaneously and in apparently inexhaustible quantities by the margin of every river and lagoon, and, indeed, anywhere below the altitude of two thousand feet. It can be had for the cost of cutting. The fiber is susceptible of a thousand uses. The people of Honduras convert it into thread for sewing boots and shoes, and into nets, fish lines, and cordage. The finest hammocks and most costly are also made of it. The small quantities which have been sent to this market have been manufactured into handkerchiefs, laces, ribbons, false hair, and wigs. The difficulty is to decorate the plant without rotting or injuring the fiber. The man who can do that will be able to take Fortune at the flood. E. G. STRATTON, Swansboro, Mass.

HOOD'S SARASPARILLA

Is the best spring medicine for everybody. It purifies the blood. It sharpens the appetite. It tones the digestion. It overcomes debility. It builds up the weak system. Try it this spring.

"Last Spring I had a bad cold with boils caused by my blood being out of order. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me, and I recommend it to others." J. SCHON, Peoria, Ill.

WANTED—AN INVENTOR.

The pita plant of Honduras invites the enterprise of American capital and Yankee invention. Only one thing is needed and the lucky man's fortune is made. Mr. Burchard, our consul, reports that this plant, which has never been cultivated, grows spontaneously and in apparently inexhaustible quantities by the margin of every river and lagoon, and, indeed, anywhere below the altitude of two thousand feet. It can be had for the cost of cutting. The fiber is susceptible of a thousand uses. The people of Honduras convert it into thread for sewing boots and shoes, and into nets, fish lines, and cordage. The finest hammocks and most costly are also made of it. The small quantities which have been sent to this market have been manufactured into handkerchiefs, laces, ribbons, false hair, and wigs. The difficulty is to decorate the plant without rotting or injuring the fiber. The man who can do that will be able to take Fortune at the flood. E. G. STRATTON, Swansboro, Mass.

HOOD'S SARASPARILLA

Is the best spring medicine for everybody. It purifies the blood. It sharpens the appetite. It tones the digestion. It overcomes debility. It builds up the weak system. Try it this spring.

"Last Spring I had a bad cold with boils caused by my blood being out of order. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me, and I recommend it to others." J. SCHON, Peoria, Ill.

WANTED—AN INVENTOR.

The pita plant of Honduras invites the enterprise of American capital and Yankee invention. Only one thing is needed and the lucky man's fortune is made. Mr. Burchard, our consul, reports that this plant, which has never been cultivated, grows spontaneously and in apparently inexhaustible quantities by the margin of every river and lagoon, and, indeed, anywhere below the altitude of two thousand feet. It can be had for the cost of cutting. The fiber is susceptible of a thousand uses. The people of Honduras convert it into thread for sewing boots and shoes, and into nets, fish lines, and cordage. The finest hammocks and most costly are also made of it. The small quantities which have been sent to this market have been manufactured into handkerchiefs, laces, ribbons, false hair, and wigs. The difficulty is to decorate the plant without rotting or injuring the fiber. The man who can do that will be able to take Fortune at the flood. E. G. STRATTON, Swansboro, Mass.

HOOD'S SARASPARILLA

Is the best spring medicine for everybody. It purifies the blood. It sharpens the appetite. It tones the digestion. It overcomes debility. It builds up the weak system. Try it this spring.

"Last Spring I had a bad cold with boils caused by my blood being out of order. Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me, and I recommend it to others." J. SCHON, Peoria, Ill.

WANTED—AN INVENTOR.

The pita plant of Honduras invites the enterprise of American capital and Yankee invention. Only one thing is needed and the lucky man's fortune is made. Mr. Burchard, our consul, reports that this plant, which has never been cultivated, grows spontaneously and in apparently

The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1887.

AT Brighton, Friday, Dr. Waite was held for trial for the killing of Ida Lee, the young woman who was found dead in her room in that village a few weeks ago, under circumstances unusually shocking to her friends and community. Waite was released on \$3000 bail.

BOODLERS are coming to grief in Chicago as well as in New York. Twenty-five were indicted last week, including five county commissioners, and it took from \$5000 to \$17,000 apiece for bail to keep them out of jail. If Chicago can follow New York far enough to convict the guilty ones and send them to prison, the millennium might as well begin.

THE vacat chair at the cabinet table has been worthily filled by the promotion of Assistant Secretary Charles S. Fairchild to be Secretary of the Treasury. Thirty years ago, the writer of this knew him, when he was "Charley Fairchild," in Cazenovia, N. Y.—a very exemplary boy, a trifle exclusive, as was thought to become a member of an aristocratic family of the village, but of good habits, and good promise which seems to have been well justified.

JOHN G. SAXE, poet, lecturer and editor, died at Albany, last Thursday. Many people have been charmed by his sprightly verses; but the value of his writings has been discounted for us by an incident in his life that came under our observation more than thirty years ago. He had lectured in a New York village, and then went on a prodigious carousal, and amused himself all night long in making the village tavern howl, kicking in the doors of the sleeping rooms, and otherwise making the night a pandemonium for the peaceably disposed lodgers.

THE propensity of Michigan voters for hitting a head wherever they see it, can scarcely be excelled at Donnybrook; and as their own friends' heads are more handy than any others, it usually happens that they are the ones to be cracked. The vote on Circuit Judge in this strong democratic circuit, on Mayon in the strongly democratic Fourth and Fifth wards of this city, and on Alderman in the strong republican Third ward, are illustrations. It seems to be confined to no party or section or conditions, and probably cannot be explained upon any general principles or special circumstances.

CERTAINLY second only to the votes on prohibition, in importance to the country, and rising far above any party considerations, was the contest with socialism and anarchism at the Chicago election, Tuesday. Had the socialists carried the day, as they thought they would and others feared, there would have been occasion to prepare at once to meet the commune behind street barricades. Fortunately, the communards were decisively defeated reputable democrats and republicans uniting to overthrow them. It is a hopeful promise of what may be expected in this country when such a peril is recognized.

THE COMMUNE OF PARIS.
Ex-Minister Washburne, in Scribner's Magazine.

But few people are fully aware of the immense proportions which the Paris Commune had taken on before its final suppression. Its military strength was simply enormous. Cluseret told me of his furnishing rations at the time he was delegate to the Ministry of War, to one hundred and twenty-five thousand soldiers in Paris. And the amount of war material found in possession of the Commune at the time of its collapse was prodigious. There were 548,000 guns, of different models, with sabre bayonets; 56,000 cavalry sabres, of every form and description; 14,000 Enfield rifles; 39,000 revolvers; making a total of nearly 700,000 weapons of every kind taken from the hands of the Communards. Independently of the vast amount of this particular material, the military authorities of the Commune had 1,700 cannon and mitrailleuses, which they had robbed from the city and which they had used with such terrible effect. But what must ever excite amazement is the knowledge of the vast number of the people in Paris at this time who not only were in sympathy with the Commune, but who abetted and sustained it in its career of crime and blood. The minority, embracing the better class of Paris, was completely cowed and subdued by this vast insurrectionary mass of population.

SHOOTING OF ARCHBISHOP DARBOY.
About six o'clock on Wednesday evening a detachment of forty of the National Guard, belonging to the "Vengeurs of the Republic," as they were called, arrived at the prison with a captain, first and second lieutenants, a commissaire of police, and two civil delegates. They all wore bright-red scarfs. The names of the six martyrs were called. The President Bonjean, occupying cell No. 1, was first; then the Abbe Deguerry, occupying cell No. 4, was the second; and the last called was Monseigneur Darboy, Archbishop of Paris, who occupied cell No. 23. The doors of the cells were then opened by the officer of the prison, and the victims were all ordered to leave. They descended, going to the foot of the staircase, where they embraced each other, and had a few words, the last on earth. Never was there a more mournful cortège, nor one calculated to awaken sadder emotions. Monseigneur Darboy, though weak and enfeebled by disease, gave his arm to Chief Justice Bonjean, and the venerable man, so well known in all Paris, Abbe Deguerry, leaned upon the arms of the two priests. A good many straggling National Guards and others had gathered around the door of the prison as the victims went out, and they heaped upon them the vilest epithets, and to an extent that aroused the indignation of a sub-lieutenant, who commanded silence, saying

to them, "that which comes to these persons to-day, who knows but what the same will come to us to-morrow?"

And a man in a blouse added, "men who go to meet death ought not to be insulted; none but cowards will insult the unfortunate." Arriving at the court of La Roquette, darkness had already come on, and it was necessary to get lanterns to conduct the victims between the high walls which surrounded the court. Nothing shook the firmness of these men when they were thus being marched to assassination. The Archbishop was the coolest and firmest, because the greatest. He shook each one by the hand and gave him his last benediction. When they arrived at the place where they were to be shot, the victims were all placed against the walls which enclosed the sombre edifice of the prison of La Roquette. The Archbishop was placed at the head of the line, and the fiends who murdered him scratched with their knives a cross on the stone in the wall at the very place where his head must have touched at the moment they fired the fatal shots. He did not fall at the first volley, but stood erect, calm, and immovable, and before the other discharges came which launched him into eternity, he crossed himself three times upon his forehead. The other victims all fell together. The marks of the bullets after they had passed through their bodies were distinctly visible. The Archbishop was afterward mutilated and his abdomen cut open. All the bodies were then put in a cart and removed to Pere Lachaise, which was but a few squares off, where they were thrown into a common ditch (from which, however, they were happily rescued before decomposition had taken place.)

Our Don.
(New York Tribune.)

D. C. Henderson, the lively editor of the Journal and Tribune of Allegan, Mich., is one of the few newspaper men who enlisted and served as a private soldier throughout the war. He accompanied his regiment, the Third Michigan Cavalry, on all its marches on both sides of the Mississippi, from St. Louis to New Orleans and into Texas, and Mexico; was never in hospital, and prides himself that he refused a chance to become an officer. He has outlived this foolish modesty, however, and is now quite willing to be Adjutant General of Michigan Gen. Robertson, the late incumbent of the office, was appointed in 1861 for gallant conduct as a private soldier.

DAVIS & CO.,
19 CROSS STREET,
Agents for the

CELEBRATED

M

Crackers!

Please Try Them

And be convinced that

They are the Best Made.

DAVIS & CO.,
19 CROSS STREET.

GOOD ADVICE

If you want that Pension; if you want the very best Fire Insurance; if you want a Life Insurance THAT INSURES and no discount, go to D. B. CREENE.

Written for The Ypsilantian.
EASTER'S MIRACLE.

On mighty force! On mighty whelming wave, That knows no darkness and no spirit's gloom, That rolls away the barriers of the grave, And lifts the Savior from his vaulted tomb! Oh power of life, lost known, least understood, Sweet healing virtue, from all wrong set free, Above all death, above all sorrow, good And true and strong to save, sweet Purity! Uprisen Lord, triumphant over death; Uprisen purity of life and light; Corruption conquered by love's ardent breath, That living lives of its own loving might!

In Spring's fair garments thou arisest now, More glorious far than Israel's wisest king, The splendor of thy realm proclaiming how The miracle of Love renews the spring!

And, ever tender as her blossoms sweet, Sheds fragrance in the heart for all that live, And bringeth joy this Easter morn to greet, And welcome to the risen Christ to give!

Oh blessed messenger of Jesus' peace,

Oil Holy Spirit of eternal love,

Rise now within my heart; thy love increase,

To hallow thee Comforter from heav'n above!

W. J. C.

Washington, D. C.

A CARD DR. FLORA H. RUCH, RESI-

DR. FLORA H. RUCH, RESI

The Ypsilantian.

The newspaper men of Michigan who attended the annual meeting of the Press Association at Coldwater last summer, will remember with pleasure the forenoon spent at the State Public schools, near that city, and the favorable impression formed in their minds respecting the Superintendent of the schools, Mr. Foster. They will regret the fact that scandalous charges have been made against that gentleman which if proven true will necessitate his immediate removal. Judging from the evidence thus far presented, however, we see no reason to believe the charges true, and shall believe Mr. Foster innocent of any wrong in connection with his administration or private character until evidence more worthy of credence and consideration is produced than has yet been presented.

Serious Complication.

It will be seen by the following from the Ann Arbor Argus that a serious difference has arisen between the state and county authorities, and our people are liable to have the burden of taxation under which they already groan still further increased. This is what is the matter, as stated by the Argus: "Seventy-nine cents claimed by the state, County Treasurer Belser refuses to pay, as it was decided by Auditor Stevens that the state had no claim for it. It's an old claim and one cent of the seventy nine was charged as interest." This will probably defer water works for a good while longer.

A Grand March.

"The University of Michigan Grand March," is the title of a composition for the piano just issued, of which our talented young friend, Will A. McAndrew is the composer. We have examined the five pages of the March carefully, and can assure our readers that it is all right, so far as our information extends. We will confess, however, that there are some points connected with the composition of music on which we are not the highest authority. In the matter of sharps and flats we have had some experience, but in the musical sense of the terms we don't know them apart on paper. This fact, however, is of no consequence, as we are certain there is nothing flat in anything that Will produces. The slurs, too, so often indulged in by ordinary writers of music will not be found in Will's production; at least we don't think they will, for although we don't know much about music, we know a good deal about Will, and he is not one of the slurring kind. You can get the March for 50¢ cents, and if after you have tried it, if you don't like it, you can send to the author and get another at the same price. The production is dedicated to Charley Whitman, but Charley shares our ignorance and can't read it, and doesn't yet know whether he should publicly acknowledge the honor or demand an apology.

Personal.

Mort. Tower, who has been located at St. Louis, Mo., during the past few months, arrived here Saturday last and will remain until the middle of the present month. The atmosphere and other influences of "the village at the other end of the bridge," as the sarcastic Chicago papers put it, have caused Mort to become quite fleshy, though his cheeks are as red and his eyes as handsome as before he left the Queen City of Michigan.

Bert Cornwell is "on the road" at present as a traveling representative of the Ann Arbor Pulp Works. He has been visiting some of the larger cities of the southern states during the past week, and is meeting with success as a salesman.

Mrs. David Pierce who has been a sufferer from cancer during the past seven years, has been relieved of the distressing affliction, a fact that will be learned with pleasure by her many friends here. Mrs. Pierce attributes her freedom from the cancer to the treatment of Mrs. Mary Day, of Milan.

Howard C. Van Amburg of Brighton was a visitor here this week. Howard is a printer and will probably soon become a member of the profession in this city.

Rev. M. W. Fairfield has changed his residence from Ellis to Adams street, and now resides in the house recently occupied by Prof. Vroman. The latter has removed to his farm, east of the city.

Eddie Bradley, son of Wm. Bradley, proprietor of the new Huron street market, arrived here from Minneapolis last week. Eddie has been given much prominence during the past week or two, being charged with obstructing the railroad track near Eau Claire, Wis. The charge was without foundation, however, and was easily proven so, Eddie's only connection with the offense being his discovery of the obstructions on the track.

Mrs. Sarah Turner, formerly of this city but at present Superintendent of the central cottage at the Industrial School for girls at Adrian, spent Sunday here, the guest of Mrs. G. C. Amsden.

The Escondido Times, of San Diego county, California, contained the following reference to a well-known Ypsilantian, two weeks ago:

Mr. E. M. Comstock, of Ypsilanti, Michigan, came to the Vale on Wednesday of last week, and remained with us, a guest at the Escondido Hotel Monday. While here he purchased block 109 in the town site, one of the best and most sightly in the valley, and expects to return to us to permanently locate the coming fall.

Miss Myra Hamner, who has been spending her vacation with Miss Maud Perrin of Mt. Clemens, returned home Monday. Miss Maud was formerly a Normal student.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the Michigan branch of the W. B. M. I. convened in the First Congregational church at Detroit yesterday and will continue its sessions during to-day.

The various missionary societies of the Congregational church here are represented by the following ladies: Mrs. Higley, Mrs. O. E. Ainsworth, Mrs. M. W. Fairfield, Mrs. Hough, Mrs. Platt, Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Jay Worden, Mrs. Geo. Holmes, and Misses Frances Higley, Lillie Strong, Ida Shaw, Jessie Ainsworth and Lena Worden.

Abram Gorsin, formerly President of the Bohemian Oat Company, has been arrested on the charge of obtaining a note under false pretenses.

Mr. C. A. Mapes returned from the west Tuesday night. He was much impressed with the bustle and enterprise of Wichita, Kansas, and has partially perfected arrangements to go into business there sometime during the coming summer.

Misses Matie and Belle Champion accompanied the University Quartet to Redford, Wayne County, Tuesday, and assisted in a concert given there Tuesday evening. They were greeted by a packed house and parted with a highly pleased audience.

Mr. L. A. Willard, a Kansas city real estate dealer, spent Tuesday here, the guest of his sister, Mrs. Ella H. Edwards. Mr. Willard was a resident of the city many years ago, and graduated from the Normal with the class of '58. His wife was an Ypsilanti girl, Eloise Cross. He had been to Geneseo, N. Y., to attend the funeral of a brother.

Rev. J. L. Cheney of the Baptist church is visiting his mother at Norwalk, Ohio, this week. He will return to-morrow.

Mr. E. P. Bucklin was taken suddenly ill with a dangerous disorder of the stomach a few days ago, and for a time it was thought he must die. He has recovered somewhat, but is not yet out of danger.

Miss Fannie Hall will represent the Young People's Mission of the Presbyterian church at the annual meeting of the Presbytery of Michigan, at Detroit, next Wednesday.

Miss Grace Meade, of Owasso, was the guest of Miss Kittle Amsden Monday and Tuesday of the present week. Will McAndrew spent several days of his vacation with his parents and friends here.

Mr. E. H. Shuttles and family arrived here from Chicago Friday last. Ed. returned Tuesday, but his family will remain here for the present.

Merri Mention.

Don't fail to hear Philip Phillips at the M. E. church this week. His songs are richly illustrated.

The Ypsilanti Creamery resumed active operations Monday. It may be of interest to the young ladies, perhaps, to know that the creamery company contemplate supplying our local dealers with pure ice cream this summer. As a means of encouraging home enterprise they should insist upon walking past the ice cream saloons and referring to the healthfulness and purity of the creamery cream as often as circumstances may permit.

The "Candle Social" given by the ladies of the Library Association, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Barnes, last Saturday evening, was an occasion of much pleasure and some profit. The first part of the evening was given to musical exercises, participated in by representatives of our best local talent, vocal and instrumental, and was followed by exhaustive efforts on the part of many present to distinguish themselves as prize blowers from a darkened standpoint. The prizes were awarded to Mrs. Austin George, Florence Goodison, Eber Owen and P. F. Powers.

Philip Phillips, the celebrated "singing pilgrim" will give a series of illustrated concerts at the Methodist church, commencing this (Thursday) evening and including Friday and Saturday evenings. The price of admission will be 25 cents. Children 15 cents. Reserved seats, 35 cents for sale at Comstock's store.

The familiar picture of the young lady in short dresses suspended in the air over the back of a running horse is again making its appearance in the newspapers. We are as susceptible as ever to the attractions of the circus in its proper season, perhaps, but we are prevented by the terms of our life insurance policy from attempting anything so risky as trying to enjoy the venerable jokes of the clown with the ground yet covered with snow.

The Ladies' Club meets with Mrs. E. B. Dunham next Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

Prof. Bellows is somewhat of an enthusiast in the line of Plymouth Rock chickens and is the proprietor of one of the neatest poultry yards in Washington county. He is also a producer of small fruit and passes many pleasant hours in caring for his plants and vines. Whether it be in preparing a text book on mathematics for the leading colleges and universities of the country, or properly planting a strawberry plant, or bearing with patience the idiosyncrasies of a setting hen, Prof. Bellows does good work and the results are always satisfactory.

There was a pleasant party of children at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Myron Cady in Pittsfield, last Friday, to celebrate the seventh birthday of their daughter, Miss Blanch.

The new depot at Ann Arbor is truly a thing of beauty and it will be a joy to the University town for a long time. The abrupt change from the poorest shed on the road to the splendid and elegant structure now provided was a fitting recognition on the part of the Michigan Central management of the patience and long-waiting exercised by its Ann Arbor patrons.

At their monthly meeting held Tuesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Goodrich, the Young People's Mission of the Presbyterian church pledged itself to raise \$100 for home missions, in addition to the same amount already raised for foreign missions.

The concert given by the great Gilmore Band at Ann Arbor Tuesday evening was attended by several Ypsilantians. No words of ordinary praise could give any fitting conception of the delightful harmony and sweet melody produced by this famous band of musicians. Their renditions of a single selection, a cornet aria, "The Lost Chord," was worth many times the trouble and expense of attending the concert.

If the young men from Ann Arbor who visit this city in carriages on Sundays, do not wish to be regarded and treated as roughs and law-breakers, they will need to conduct themselves with more decency and propriety than they have been credited with heretofore. The forbearance of our officers is finally exhausted and the youth and evident ignorance of the young men will excuse them no longer. Ann Arbor papers please copy.

Bennett & Son are removing their livery and feed stable to the Freeman block, on Washington street. Workmen are busily engaged in reconstructing the building heretofore used as a livery barn, and M. S. Hall and Damon & Fletcher will occupy it next week, the former as a headquarters for his pump business and the latter firm using their quarters as an agricultural warehouse.

A letter received by a lady in this city from a Manchester friend, says the ladies in that town tried to assist the friends of the prohibition amendment on election day and were made to suffer much annoyance from the saloonists and their friends. Ypsilanti, happily, had no such experience, the ladies being treated with courtesy and proper consideration.

Last Sunday was Palm Sunday and the occasion was celebrated here as usual by the distribution of sprigs of palms at the Catholic church and by its regular recognition in the Episcopal services.

O. A. Ainsworth & Co. have commenced work on their new building on Congress street.

Round trip tickets to all points on the Michigan Central can now be purchased at reduced rate—the first beneficial results of the inter-state commerce act. The fare for a single ticket to Detroit and return will be \$1.65, a reduction of 15 cents from the rate heretofore charged.

At the regular meeting last Sunday afternoon the following young ladies were elected as officers of the Young Ladies Prayer Meeting Association for the ensuing three months: President, Ida Shaw; Vice President, Avonia Damon; Secretary, Minnie Pattison; Treasurer, Melissa Pomeroy. The services for next Sunday afternoon will be appropriate to Easter. All young ladies are cordially invited to attend.

The masked concert to be given by St. Luke's Parish Aid Society, at the Opera House, Wednesday evening of next week, April 13, will be a novel and enjoyable entertainment. Further particulars are given elsewhere.

We are under obligation to our friends of the Chelsea Herald, Dexter Leader, and citizens in various towns, for prompt election returns, which enable us to present an almost complete report for the county. It would have been quite complete, but that cards sent to the Manchester Enterprise failed to come back.

Normal Items.

Twelve weeks more of school. There are a large number of new students.

G. E. Lawrence '86, has returned to take Latin and German. He has been teaching near Detroit.

The Christian Association cards for April are out; the regular meeting will be held to-night instead of last night.

Mr. L. E. Miller who has been teaching in St. Joseph Co. will finish the year.

A. F. Buck '84, principal at Buchanan, was visiting friends here this week.

A practical game of ball was played yesterday on the commons. A game with Ann Arbor is booked for April 16. Miss Maude Grear '85, and Miss Lillian Crawford '86, both of Charlotte, are to come.

Miss Jessie Gordon, who is teaching at Dexter, will take some work at the Normal while building is going on at her school.

Miss Hutton has gone home and will teach at Southfield.

Pittsfield.

Although the debate was decided in favor of the amendment last Saturday evening the town gave a majority of three against it at the election. For the amendment 109 voted against 106.

Myron Cady has purchased the Imman farm on the Ridge road in York.

Blanche Cady entertained a number of her young friends last Friday, the occasion being her seventh birthday.

Chas. Calhoun has become the tenant of S. P. Sumner.

S. R. Crittenden is the Saline delegate to the Presbyterian convention at Detroit on the 12th.

Fred White is entertaining his cousin from Ohio.

Newcomb.

George Harman, of Detroit, was visiting at his old home last week.

Charlie Niles has moved his family to Mayberry. The report is that he is making money by the barrel taking pictures, clearing from \$8 to \$15 per day.

Abe Maybee was at Whittaker last week from Grand Traverse Co. He reported snow three feet deep when he left.

A little boy about seven years old, son of Mrs. Ellis, colored, who was cutting wood for P. H. O'Brien on section 16 had his leg broken last week by a log falling on it while building a shanty. Morgan Schaefer commenced last Monday morning with Miss Edith Strong of Jerome as teacher.

Barney Hitchingham is getting out timber for a new barn.

Jasper Drake formerly of this place but now of Nebraska, spent a few days in this vicinity last week on business and started back last Thursday. He is getting \$300 a year on a stock farm. He intends to take him a wife soon, so he informed some of his friends. We wish him success and happiness.

R. F. Walters went to Detroit last week and bought \$500 worth of goods to put in his store. Walter is doing a good business and he ought to. He is an honest and accommodating young man.

Monday was a cold day for April, but as the roads were good our voters came out in full force and the result was that Augusta polled the largest vote in its history, 423. The republicans elect everything in the town except Town clerk and constables. The official result is given on the first page.

Superior.

Edward Richardson, who has been on Mr. E. C. Peck's farm during the past three years, has taken M. Caluson's farm for three years. Edward is a good tenant and is a superior farmer. Edward McCready, of Wyandotte, has moved on to Mr. Peck's farm. We hope Mr. Peck will be as well satisfied with his new tenant as he has been with his former one. We learn that both these Superior farms are for sale.

Alba a Favorite.

Ionia Standard.—Alba Heywood's entertainment Friday evening drew a much better house than the first though the day was very rainy again. As on the first occasion the audience was delighted and Alba is a favorite in Ionia. The singing of Mrs. Holton was excellent and well received."

Don't fail to see Heywood at the Opera House for one night only, next Monday evening, April 11.

Admission 25 cents. Reserved seats without extra charge.

Wanted.

Competent girl for general house work. Mrs. W. B. SEYMOUR, 51 Elm st., Ypsilanti. tf.

Rooms for Rent.

Two desirable rooms near centre of city, on ground floor, furnished or unfurnished. Enquire at this office.

You May Get It.

Grand Raffle, Saturday evening, at 3:30 o'clock. The finest Meerschaum Cigar Holder ever shown in Ypsilanti will be raffled at J. W. EHREMAN'S Cigar Store.

Wanted!

For a lady, two furnished rooms with or without board in fine location—nice rooms. In relation to terms, address DR. A. B. SPINNEY, Sanitarium.

The Royal Adelphi.

The latest. The best. The safest. Five dollars, on each thousand of your policy, per week in case of sickness or accident. One third of your policy in case you lose a limb. One half of your policy in case of total disability.

The above indemnities are paid during life in the hour of your need.

The Royal Adelphi provides for the widow and orphan, and care for the sick and unfortunate. For information address (Box 521), Ypsilanti, Mich.

Business Partner Wanted.

A partner is wanted in an established, prosperous business in this city. The business can be much increased with the addition of an energetic man with \$1500 capital. Address, Box 781, Ypsilanti, Mich.

Ladies!

You should not fail to see the splendid display of Millinery, after April 6, at No. 6, Union Block.

E. M. CURTIS.

Be Your Own Doctor.

It won't cost you one half as much. Do not delay. Send three 2 cent stamps for postage, and we will send you Dr. Mann's great work, fine colored plates, from life, on disease, its causes and home cure. Address, A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass.

Grape raisers will find it to their advantage to give their attention to the advertisement in this issue of Messrs. H. Brossard & Bro., Detroit. Do not fail to write to them.

Allen & McCorkle fire insurance agents carry a full line of the best companies. Insure your dwellings in the Ohio Farmers.

It is the time to order Easter flowers. Order early from Wells & Co. One door west of P. O.

8 acres in town of Brady, Saginaw Co., very cheap, \$12 per acre, or will exchange for city property. Enquire of S. A. DeNiké.

New goods arriving every day, at Trim, McGregor & Co.'